

The Boston Recorder

ch emotion remarked, "Sir, what you said just now is unquestionably true. I know from my own experience. When I was young, I said to myself, I cannot give up the world now, but I will by and by, when I have passed the meridian of life, and begin to sink into the vale of years; then I will become a Christian; then I shall be ready to attend to the concerns of my soul. But here I am, an old man. I am not a Christian. I feel no readiness or disposition to enter upon the work of my salvation. In looking back, I sometimes feel as though I would give worlds if I could be placed where I was when I was young."

the rule of years; then I will become christian; then I shall be ready to attend to the concerns of my soul. But here I am, a dead man. I am not a christian. I feel no readiness nor disposition to enter upon the work of my salvation. In looking back, I sometimes feel as though I could give worlds I could be placed where I was when I was twenty years old. There were not then half as many difficulties in my path as there are now. But though the big tears rolled down his cheeks he got nearer to those things, the emotions that were stirred up within him, like the early dew, some passed away. "He did not turn to God."

The *Protestant* is a monthly magazine, published by the Wesleyan Conference, and is a valuable source of information for the Christian worker. It is published by the Wesleyan Conference, and is a valuable source of information for the Christian worker.

The change of dispensation made no change here, except to increase the obligation. It is the glory of true religion that it inspires and inculcates a spirit of benevolence. It is a religion of love. It is the religion of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. There never was a hospital built until Christianity built one. It is true there have been many since, and by people of the world too; but they were provoked to it by Christians. This spirit is not possible in the New Testament dispensation. It is the spirit of love, of doing good; he taught the doctrine (parable of the Good Samaritan); he censured the Pharisees for setting it aside; he set the example to his disciples, and they abounded in it. It is a no inconsiderable part of true religion to love your neighbor as yourself. But more particularly,

2. We are to do good liberally. "Give alms proportion to need, and also to sight." It is a great mistake to many, and a common objection, that cases are so numerous. This is true; but it does not mean more than it is meant, he ought to give to all. If not, he must select the most deserving and important, and those in his immediate circle. But the caution, "Be not weary in well doing," is not given without reason.

For the sake of doing good we should deny ourselves. "They abound." It is a notion of many that they are required to give only superfluities; but this is treating God and the poor with only a dog's portion—the

"Cast thy bread on the waters. There is something wonderful in that passage." You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that although he was rich, yet for us he became poor, that we might be rich. So, for us, he became poor in such things as these, of luxuries in eating, drinking, apparel, entertainments, appearances, etc. Emulate the churches of Macedonia, (2 Cor. 8:1-5), whose deep poverty was commensurate to the riches of their liberality. Do not do good with a grudging heart, but encouraging appearances in providence. We must not regard wind and weather, but resemble the husbandman in sowing the grain. The work here be done—the corn must be sown, let wind and weather be what they may. I am apprehensive of loss in this quarter and in that; and I may not have enough for my

ser." Nay, so it is in the morning now to
be seen, and so it will be in the
board." Given as the Lord hath prospered you
and leave another day or another year to take
care for itself.

II. Consider the motives by which this duty
is enforced.

1. Consider what awaits you. "The
shaft shall fly again." What we do for the poor
is not thrown away, thought it may seem to be
so. It is sowing the seeds of immortality
and, if done right, we shall find it, though
we may be "many days" first. God no order
it, that merciful men meet with reward in the
high of their children after them, as in
39; and who knows what others may need? O
if we never find it here, we shall find it in
dying hour, and still more at the judgment
Matt. xxi. 31-40. The poor are Christ's

[illegible]

4. The near approach of death, when opportunities will be forever at an end. The tree will soon fall, and as it falls, so will I. Whatever thy hand doeth do, do it with thy might; for there is no work nor device in the grave, whither I go."

DAILY PRAYER.—As my greatest business is with God, so my daily business is with him.—*Baxter.*

Poetry.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE.

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stands, and light is her torch, as she plays among the soft allures already damp with the cold, cold dews of death. She is with the spirit who from earth to earth commences his new and untiring journey toward his home in heaven. To the golden portals she wings her flight and then once more to earth she turns. When she sinks low in heaven, she touches with soft lips the grave of the sleeper and scathes our mortal spirits with her bright presence. We would think the sweet angel, but she stays not, and slowly melts away into the dark night.

ELLA R. T.—

Power of a Mother's Name.

A YOUNG MAN ENTERING PRISON.

A writer in the Boston Times describes a visit to the Penitentiary at Philadelphia, and gives the following sketch of an interview between Mr. Scattergood, the humane warden of the prison, and a young man who was about to enter on his imprisonment. Few will read it without deep emotion.

We passed on to the ante-room, where we encountered a new comer, who had just reached the prison as we entered. He had been sent up for five years on a charge of embezzlement.

He was elegantly attired, in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the amiable and careless appearance of a gentleman. He twined his watch-chain, looking particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed in. The warden read his commitment, and addressed him with—

"Charles, I am sorry to see you here."

"That can't be helped, old fellow!"

"That is thy age, Charles!"

"Twenty-three!"

"A Philadelphia?"

"Well—kind, and kinder not."

"That has disgraced itself, sadly."

"Well, I ain't troubled, old cock."

"That looks not like a rogue."

"Matter of opinion!"

"That was well situated!"

"Yes—well enough."

"In good company."

"Well—no!"

"And there has parents?"

"Yes!"

"Perhaps there has a mother, Charles?"

The convict had been standing during this brief dialogue, perfectly unmoved and motionless, until this last interrogatory was put. He then started, and his face could not have been more sudden than his.

He said in a low voice, "Mother! full on his ear!" He sunk into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the fountain of his heart was broken open.

The instant! He recovered, partially, and said imploringly to the warden:

"Don't you sir—God's sake—don't call her name in this dreadful place!"

What you may wish me, but don't mention mother to me!

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group which surrounded the unfortunate convict.

The black cap was drawn over his eyes, he was led to an adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterwards he reappeared on the corridor.

He passed silently in charge of a deputy keeper, to a lonely cell in a distant part of the prison, the door closed on its hinges, he disappeared, the chain dropped from the outside lock, and Charles—was a convict prisoner for five years to come!

We left the prison with heavy hearts, relieved, however, by the reflection that this was one of the best devised institutions of its kind in the world.

The jailer of Charles Dickens, and the administration in the hands of Mr. Scattergood secured to his unfortunate inmates the most "equal and exact justice."

W.

Miscellaneous.

Conquest and Mixed Races.

The relations of our country to Mexico cannot fail to awaken the most anxious foreboding. The government avows its purpose to annex a considerable part of its territory; and from various quarters the demand is made to hasten the conquest of Mexico. Apart from all considerations of the justice or injustice of the war, it is not strange that our statesmen and countrymen do not hear a prophetic voice from the history of Spanish conquest over this same Mexico and South America. It could be the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and the United States of America be added to our dominion without a drop of bloodshed, the blending of different races in one society would be a sufficient reason to discard the project. The Indians could not live with us, and have either melted away by natural decay, or been banished to deeper and more remote forests by legislation—the blacks are confined to a section of the country, not only blighting that, but endangering the existence of the Union; and yet it is proposed to add to our population the millions of the conquered, and the millions of the conquered! So many warring elements can never be harmonized; a babel must grow out of so many languages; and from various quarters the demand is made to hasten the conquest of Mexico.

Dr. Tachard, a distinguished German naturalist, has just published in two octavo volumes his "Travels in Peru," in the state of whose society, after the lapse of three centuries, he could find the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and the United States of America be added to our dominion without a drop of bloodshed, the blending of different races in one society would be a sufficient reason to discard the project.

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Dr. Tachard, a distinguished German naturalist, has just published in two octavo volumes his "Travels in Peru," in the state of whose society, after the lapse of three centuries, he could find the Spanish conquest of Mexico, and the United States of America be added to our dominion without a drop of bloodshed, the blending of different races in one society would be a sufficient reason to discard the project.

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this garden of the North-American continent is in a state of semi-barbarism. Yet it is proposed to add eight millions of these miserable and degraded beings to our population, and endow them with all the rights of free citizenship! Heaven send no messenger to predict the result.

The Peruvians have been subdued, but not their pride and sense of wrong. In the interior the Indians still dwell, and brood over their oppressions with deep and indelible animosity. Centuries of oppression have thinned their numbers, but have not crushed the memory of better times. The spirit of invincible hate still dwells in their bosoms, for the gratification of which they are waiting their time. These required to work in the mines inflict one, and that a most remarkable revenge, upon their oppressors.

They possess, or encourage in pardonable malice the belief of their possessing old traditional knowledge of treasure, which they occasionally betray, only to tempt and provoke avarice, and then bury again in more profound secrecy.

"Notwithstanding the enormous amount of wealth which the mines of Peru have already yielded, still, with all the efforts of only a very small portion of the silver river, have been worked. It is a well known fact, that the Indians are aware of the existence of many rich mines, the situation of which they will never disclose to the whites nor to the government."

For centuries past, for centuries past, the knowledge of some of the richest silver mines has been with invincible secrecy transmitted from father to son. All endeavors to prevail on them, to divulge these secrets have hitherto been fruitless.

In our view, the unapproachable hatred the natural effect of conquest, and as likely to live for centuries in a Mexican's as a Peruvian's bosom! Besides, the Colonial revolution against Spain taught the natives the use of the weapons of war, are not the Mexicans at present so good a school as our ancestors teachers!

"Since the war of independence the Indians (the natives of Peru) have made immense progress. During the civil war which was kept up uninterruptedly for the space of twenty years, they were taught military maneuvers, and the use of fire arms. After every lost battle the retreating Indians carried with them in their flight their muskets, which they still keep carefully concealed."

They are also acquainted with the manufacture of gunpowder, of which in their festivals they use great quantities for squibs and rockets."

The reception they gave to the gospel from the lips of such propagandists is not worthy of the consideration of missionaries to Mexico. Even the change of faith was not able to blend them with the foreign population which possesses the land of their fathers.

The Christian religion has been spread among the Indians by force; and for centuries past they have regarded the priests only in the light of tyrants, who make religion a cloak for the most scandalous pecuniary extortion, and whose conduct is in direct opposition to the doctrine they profess. If they render their unscrupulous obedi-

ence to a priest, it is to be attributed less to the operation of christian principle than to a lingering attachment to the theocratic government of the Incas, which has impressed the Peruvians with a sacred awe of religion."

Such are the results of conquest and the blending of different races in a conquered territory;—and such are to be expected with a moral certainty from a repetition of the same experiment.

Congressional Journal.

Galveston, Texas.

As you enter the harbor through the crooked channel, situated on both sides by shoals and breakers, the crooked channel, and the approach is in both directions; and, to add to the first impression, the old boiler of the steamer New York, wrecked there, seems to hold out of the water its rusty head to warn you off. Nevertheless, there is about eleven and a half feet of water on the bar, and the harbor is easily accessible to the initiated.

The low, level and sandy, but grass-covered island of Galveston, on the north-east corner of which the city is situated, is about thirty miles long, and has on it but three small groups of native trees, though of fruit trees there are plenty in the city, planted by its inhabitants. It is tolerably fertile, and owing principally to the industry of the German immigrants, who have settled there, the soil is of all kinds abundant. It is also healthy to the last mid-day summer sun, and thereby being on the edge of the fever. It is, however, considered by the majority of judges, as a large quantity of water, and then poured, while boiling hot, into the chopped food, without steaming. In both cases a small quantity of salt should be sprinkled over it.

On the west end of the island, there is a large quantity of water, and then poured, while boiling hot, into the chopped food, without steaming. In both cases a small quantity of salt should be sprinkled over it.

Farmers who raise much corn, and have consequently a large quantity of corn, will find it for their interest to feed corn to their stock, instead of pursuing the usual practice of grinding only the grain, and throwing the cob, rich in nutritious matter, into the common heap or into the river.

Corn, when used in a selection of salt, makes an excellent feed for oxen, cows and pigs, cattle, and, by many, are deemed preferable to marsh hay, especially during winter. This is a matter